



# TALES OF A JEALOUS WIFE

## XV.--Harold Learns the Truth About Pelter--and Some Others

By THOMAS L. MASSON.

(Continued from previous chapters.) Harold Peaseley, rescued Mildred Baggett, Blightville's reigning belle, from a motor car accident and takes her to his home. On leaving the house he is suddenly confronted by his wife and her Aunt Jane, a New England lady who is visiting them. He explains and defends himself by saying that through him they will now be enabled to ask Miss Baggett to their grand reception, thus completing the defeat of Mrs. Abercrombie Pelter, Blightville's real society leader, who is also giving a reception on the same day.)

HAROLD PEASELEY'S situation was critical but by no means hopeless. His genuine affection for his wife, combined with his delightfully romantic experience with Miss Baggett to irritate him doubly against Aunt Jane, who he felt was an intruder. He determined to have it out with that lady, whose gratitude for what he had done only took the form of advising his wife to hire a lawyer. He was calm but severe.

"We may as well understand each other, Aunt Jane," he said. "Myrtle and I got along fairly well before you came. Your intention is apparently to break up our home."

"My intention," exclaimed Aunt Jane, "is to save you from the consequences of your own sin."

"Same thing. That's only your way of putting it."

At this moment Myrtle interrupted the conversation by throwing her arms about him. Fortunately, although it was directly in front of the Baggett house, there was no one in sight.

"Tell me," cried Myrtle, "that you do not love that beautiful girl--say that you are true to me! I will believe you in spite of everything."

"My dear girl," replied Harold, "you little understand me if you doubt my love. This woman--referring to Aunt Jane--has been attempting to come between us, but in vain. She does not understand--does she dear!--that we are now living in an up-to-date world in which every man if he wants to can be his own secretary of war and state without attracting public attention."

At this point Aunt Jane did one of the most extraordinary things in her career; she burst into tears.

"I shall go home at once," she sobbed, "and leave you forever. This is too much!"

Visions of Aunt Jane's fady fortune going to her husband flashed through Harold's mind.



Her hardest sofa cushion.

Some babies' hospital swart over Harold's conduct at this point and caused him to shudder with remorse. He was about to fall on his knees and apologize when an event occurred which well merits the keenest attention of the discriminating reader.

While the conversation was going on they had, with sundry interruptions, been walking slowly toward their home in Laurel place. Harold, chancing to turn his head, now grasped both of his companions and backed them into the shadow of a tree.

"Look!" he exclaimed.

In the distance a figure was approaching. It was the figure of a man. It was, in short, no less than the rather square figure of Mr. Abercrombie Pelter. He paused for a moment, looked furtively around and then turned into the Baggett grounds. He walked swiftly up the steps and rang the bell.

"Ah, ha!" whispered Harold. "So that's his little game, is it?"

Aunt Jane, tremendously excited, forgot for the moment that she must not display her curiosity.

"What is his little game?" she asked.

"He is in love with Miss Mildred Baggett," said Myrtle. "Tell me that is it?"

Pelter, disappeared in the Baggett house. Harold folded his arms calmly.

"Here are the facts," he said, "you can judge for yourself. Mrs. Abercrombie Pelter, as you know, is the busy little twelve cylinder engine that propels the social destinies of Blightville. Mr. Pelter leads a lonesome life without her. Miss Mildred Baggett is a beautiful girl. She is the leader of the younger set and her presence at the Pelter reception is necessary to insure its success."

"Miss Baggett was slightly injured in a motor accident from which I was fortunate enough to rescue her. The news of this has evidently traveled like lightning. Mrs. Pelter has heard of it. Alarmed lest Miss Baggett may not be able to come to her reception and too busy herself to go, she has sent her husband to inquire about Miss Baggett's condition."

"Then you don't think," said Myrtle tremendously, "that Mr. Pelter is in love with this--woman?"

"Certainly I do," replied Harold. "All men who know her are in love with her--except myself. But you must remember that Mrs. Pelter is not jealous of her husband. She doesn't much care what he does, so long as he is useful in emergencies. She uses him to carry bundles and do errands."

Aunt Jane now spoke up. Her anger had left her.

"But this will circumvent us!" she exclaimed. "We must make our reception a success and defeat Mrs. Pelter, thus showing that we, not she, are the real social leaders. We have covered everything in Blightville for the twenty-seventh but Miss Baggett, and with Miss Baggett go at least fifty of her friends. To win Miss Baggett is to win the day."

"Spoken like a Bismarck, Von Tirpitz, Nieuwache and Von Hindenburg," replied Harold. Then he added:

"I have a plan. You walk along slowly in the direction of home. I will steal back, reconnoitre and see what Pelter is up to."

"And remember," said Aunt Jane grimly, "we must secure Miss Baggett for our reception at all costs."

Harold stole back. He entered the Baggett grounds in the rear, and executing a flank movement concealed himself from the street in the shadow of the shrubbery under the bay window where the beautiful girl he had rescued was re-

# HUMANS

BY THREE MEMBERS OF THE RACE  
Illustrations by a Fourth



## THE WEEK IN RHYME

By DANA BURNET.

THE country has a Noiseless Gun  
Which spurns the use of powder.  
In times of peace it may be used  
For churning, or for chowder.

The latest thing in Literature

Is not to write one's ballad.

But rather to

Recite it through

At meals, before the salad.

Dame Fashion snatched the season's fruit

To decorate her bonnet;

The other day we saw a hat

With watermelons on it!

We hear that germs are going out--

It seems we've wronged them greatly;

There are no stings

Beneath their wings--

And Root seems stronger lately.



We trust there will be arms enough to go around the rookies.

'Tis said our troops in Mexico

Are not to Villa's liking.

One half the world is now at war.

The other half is striking.

A house was built in twenty hours--

It happened in Ohio.

The price of peace

Has ruined Greece--

Said Europe: "Look what I owe!"

The Colonel said that he was just

A plain and simple hero.

Warm weather struck the Arctic Zone--

The temperature is zero.

Fair Boston frowns on bathing suits

That leave too much to nature--

Bills to define

The water line

Are in the Legislature.



The season's fruit to decorate her bonnet.

The Woman's Military Camp

Will eat no cakes nor cookies;

We trust there will be arms enough

To go around the rookies.

One hundred armored motor cars

Were bought by Mr. Baker;

He'll buy a gun

Before he's done--

The gentleman's no quaker!

'Tis said the salt that's in the sea

Will cure one's melancholy.

A dip will doom the darkest gloom

And make one bright and jolly.

Our noble Congress plans to stay

All summer at its labors--

Ourselves will seek

Some distant peak

Far from the madding neighbors.

## THE SUMMER RESORT CHAIR.

ONE of the things which we have to contend with on our vacations is the summer resort chair. For some unknown reason hotel proprietors go upon the principle that a chair--which we spend hours of our time in each day--should be made as uncomfortable as possible.

At first the summer resort chair was limited to a few simple forms, but along with that passionate desire for variety which has come with our modern civilization, from these forms have sprung a whole family of chairs, each one with its own peculiar capacity for discomfort.

At the head of the list is the embossed and flowered upholstered rocking chair that rules supreme in the front parlor of the summer resort.

hotel. The object of sitting in such a chair in the evening is generally to read some entertaining book. The inventor of this chair, therefore, made its lines so that no matter how you sit in it the last position you assume appears to be worse than any of the others.

The summer resort bedroom rocking chair is quite another variety. It is usually of the species used by tight rope walkers when they recline at midair over Niagara Falls and fan themselves while partaking of a table d'hôte meal. When you have had no previous practice, however, to balance yourself in one of these chairs in a summer resort bedroom is no mean feat.

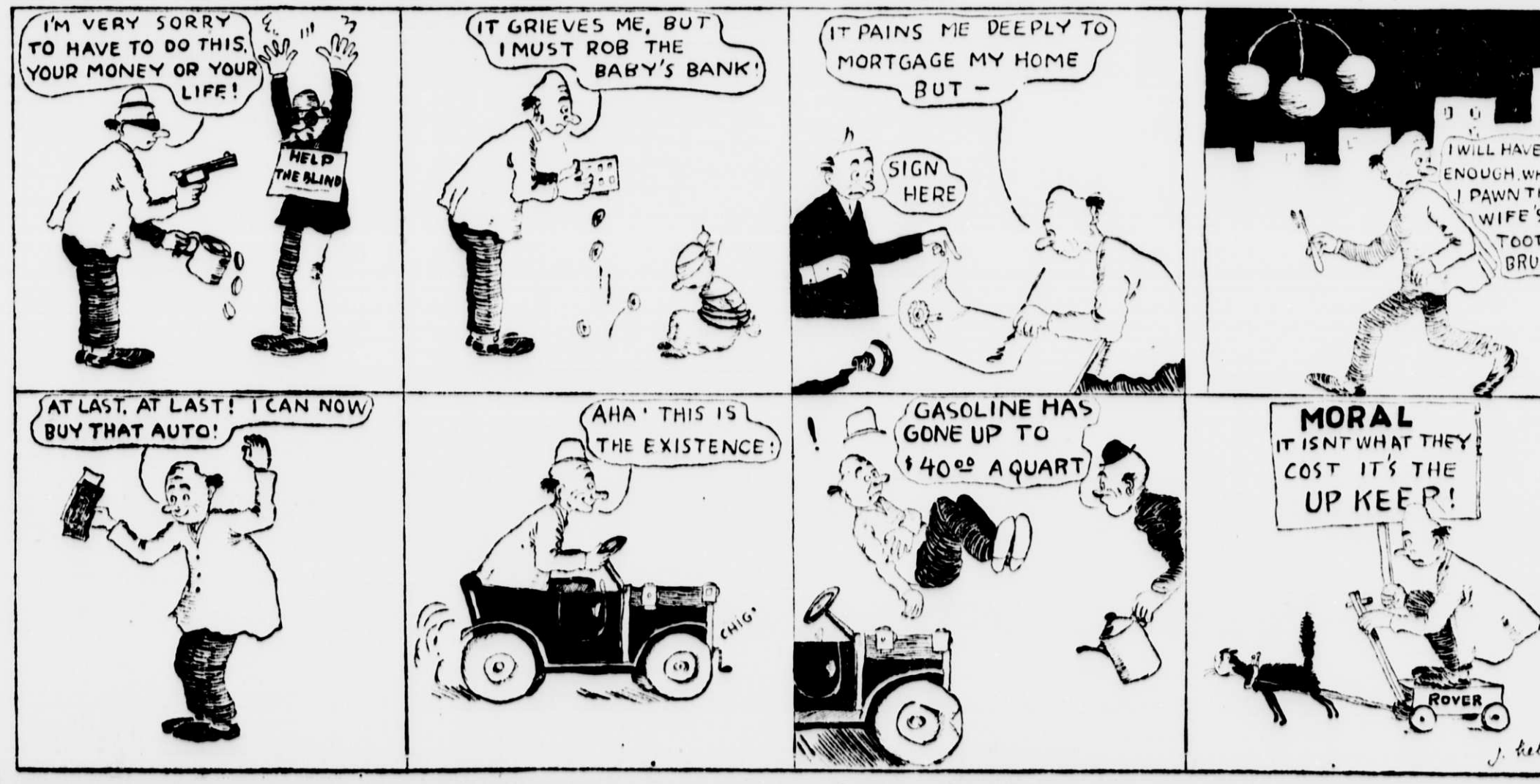
It is provided with points at those angles where it is most likely to be attacked, and when you rise up in the middle of the night to shut down

the window in order to keep the early morning flies in the room so that you won't be lonesome, this chair is lying in wait for you. A chair like this, when you arise in the dark, will follow you silently about the room, and when you attempt to turn will fall upon you ruthlessly.

But perhaps the best example of what can be done by the modern furniture artist, who has only the discomfort of the human race at heart, is the dining room chair. There is no escaping from this chair. You are obliged to occupy it three times a day, unless you prefer to take your meals in the grocer's store.

After you have thus sat in it for two or three weeks nothing else can happen to you. Henceforth you are immune to every form of human misery.

## THE FABLE OF "ONE THAT IS BORN EVERY MINUTE"---Drawn by John Held



## CONFESSIONS OF A MAN WHO CAMPED OUT

By BURGESS JOHNSON.

PERHAPS you are thinking of camping out this summer. If you are mark what is here set down. If we camp out this summer we plan to pitch our tent near a hotel and sleep in that. If we spend our days in the tent we shall have our meals sent over to us from the hotel dining room. In the long run this method of camping is no more expensive and it produces vastly more of health and comfort than the traditional camp life. Of course if one has two guides and a camp cook and chambermaid the old way is satisfactory. But for people in our circumstances a tent should not be used as a domicile.

We tried it last summer. I had slept out of doors on the ground as a boy, and there was a golden glamour surrounding the recollection that led me astray. A boy is like a kitten. He can adjust his contour to that of the ground without planning it out before he lies down. But an adult has jelled, as it were. He can no longer compromise with the roof of a tree or a protruding stone. This is particularly true of a city

the next day and agreed to a change. We took first of sending for folding camp cots, but we already had a folding bed, and it seemed no wiser that we should break that to harness before attempting new folds.

Then my wife had an idea. She now declares that it was not hers, but she was proud enough of it when she first had it. Closely guarded was the soft, clean white sand. There was not a stone in it. It would adjust itself to the human form as softly and sympathetically as does a feather bed.

That day I used the boat three times and it only folded with me once. I caught four fish and got them to shore, and this varied our diet. We had had beans fried for breakfast. Beans for lunch would have gone to my head. For the whole things were looking up. We laughed at the past and that night we merely made ourselves snuggly beds, and lay down to them.

Sand is a curious element. For instance at night it assumes characteristics utterly different from those it possesses in the daytime when one sits upon it in a bathing suit under the water sun. In the first place it is cold as an ice box. No matter how hot the day has been it chills you to the marrow bones. In less than ten minutes, in the second place, though it moulds itself and sympathetically, it sets, and no person will change it.

I made a wonderful bed for myself. All of my sharp corners were recognized. But on one side of me became chilled and in an evil moment I turned over. Immediately I felt the left foot in a right shoe. I turned back, but as the color printers say I failed to register accurately. None of my protrusions, and I have many, could find their respective sockets in the sand. Finally I fell into a troubled sleep, not awakened later by rain.

Of course we were both soaked. It was about 1 A. M. and we groped our way to the tent. We had wisely stored a little kerosene, and there was the balsam. It made a burning fire despite the rain.

I have now tried to dry myself at an open campfire. One side roasts painfully, while the other side freezes. I, for one, was victim.



Meals sent over from the hotel.

man who has become hardened in certain spots by subway travel and softened in others.

Last summer we went to Maine with a small tent and an expensive assortment of aluminum dishes and canned goods. We arrived at the edge of a small pond in good order and gorged in our surroundings. Pine forest hemmed us in and grew to the water's edge, save for a narrow margin of white sand beach at the point we had chosen for our camp. A few feet away through the woods ran the little narrow gauge railway that had carried us there.

It was early in the day, but by the time I had unpacked and erected the tent, built an oven and generally established residence the afternoon was well under way. We then agreed that my wife should pick balsam for bedding while I unfolded the tent and sought a few fish for supper.

Have you ever used a folding canvas boat? It is necessary to get and coddle it a little until friendly good will is established. This one worked very well while I caught two bass; but as I was attempting to net a third, the boat suddenly folded up again, and I had to swim ashore, towing it with my feet. We had canned beans for supper instead of fresh fish.

My wife had gathered a great heap of balsam and it had a delicious smell. Let me say right here that the smell of a bed may be one test of its excellence, but there should be other tests. Some of those balsam tips had tough, sharp stems and they refused to be reasonable and lie down. They stood up all night, pointing derisively at my tenderest spots.

We had chosen a level bit of ground for our tent site. I swear there were no humps in it. But three feet below the surface of the ground, just under the spot where I had placed the small end of my back, there lay a sharp pointed barbed. During the night that rock worked gradually up toward the surface until it protruded two or three feet, pivoting me on its apex while I slowly revolved. Finally I woke up, the protruding rock was certainly still there, though it had hastily retreated for some distance, and my back was worn almost raw by the pressure of the barbed.

That was a hard night. We talked it over



The boat suddenly folded up.

tively glad when a young humpback, floating the rain, blew down the tent. We started down the track at 3 A. M. to walk to a tent five miles away. This we have a man to go back for our camp property.

The remainder of our vacation was spent pleasantly at the Ogunquitseaside hotel. We pitched our tent a few yards from the hotel and our camping parties were all the night. After they were over we would return to our comfortable hotel beds and sleep sweetly till morning.

## THE ANTI-BURGLAR GUN.

A REVOLVER has recently been invented which has a searchlight attachment and a siren. When the light is thrown on the burglar where it strikes is where the burglar will get. You can place the light on any part of the burglar's anatomy and be quite sure that the burglar will enter that spot. No burglar of common sense will attempt to move after you have made a searchlight siren. This is a huge advantage.

Some burglars naturally excrete acid in the moment they enter one's house. These men are vulgar. Suppose, for example, that after descending the stairs and locating your burglar in front of your sideboard he still keeps his hat on in your presence. In this case there will be nothing to do but shoot him directly through the brain. If on the other hand he is a college graduate and entertains you with some of the latest stories and a altogether a companionable sort of person, you will naturally feel like taking off only a finger or two.

Only one final precaution is necessary. It must be that you are about to fire at the burglar your wife does not suddenly come in front of you. The laugh would then be on you and not on him.

## FROM A HERMIT'S NOTE BOOK.

I USED to understand the world so little when I was in it. Now that I am out of it, I understand it better than I do back in it.

I have no philosophy--I am a philosopher.

I slept late this morning--the sun almost beat me up.

My boat takes me around the world in forty minutes.

Every man is weak, not according to the temptations created for him, but according to the temptations he creates for himself.

I can remember when the electric light filled my soul; that was when I was young.

Achievement is the fault of a philosopher. The price of real estate is rising. I have gone up since I came. Thank God!

What was worry, I wonder.